

There is no return; there is no stop. It will be but a moment, and we must go out long home and leave the mourners to go about the streets. We cannot be younger, but shall soon be dead; and on a dying bed we shall feel the truth of our text and the propriety of its figure more than ever. All our life will seem but a day. And having passed the short day of dreams and shadows, we shall disappear. We shall take an eternal leave of earth, and wing our way to the bar of God. The places which now know us will know us no more. Our lands and houses will go to other hands. Strangers will occupy our substance, and walk over our graves without knowing that we were buried there. Our names will be forgotten on earth. The world will go on as before. The sun will rise and set as usual. Mirth and diversion will be as bright as ever. None will take thought of our pleasures or pains, while we shall be either mounting the regions of life and soaring high in salvation, or shrieking to the ear of hell and sinking in the pit that has no bottom.—*Dr. Griffin.*

THE REFLECTOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1847.

Foreign Correspondence.

Letters from the Absent Editor.

NUMBER TEN.
DEDICATED TO REV. GEO. C. CARLETON, OF WEST CAMBRIDGE, MS.

Acquaintances at Port au Prince.—Mode of Travelling.—Excursions.—Magnificent Scenery.—Hospitalities, &c.

After a residence of about two months at Port au Prince, the capital of the Haytian Republic, we have been induced to accompany Dr. B., with whom we have occupied rooms, on a removal to Jacmel. This town lies on the south side of the island, sixty-five miles from Port au Prince. It is the chief town of one of the most populous and best cultivated arrondissements in the island, but is principally important as being the only place touched by the steamers of the Royal Mail Packet Company, which connect all the important West India Islands, by regular semi-monthly mails, with London.

The acquaintances we formed at the capital were necessarily few, but as we received nothing but kindness, and passed most of our sojourn very agreeably, we shall always remember those few with affectionate interest. Especially Dr. Mr. Luther, the United States Consul, and the Rev. Mr. Jones and family, deserve our grateful acknowledgments; their kind attentions added much to our comfort, and we are sure that all advantages will be received from their society, by all worthy countrymen of ours, who may succeed us in a visit to Hayti. We were much indebted, also, to Dr. Simons, Esq., not only for polite attentions, but for valuable information concerning the history and present condition of the Republic. He is a lawyer, and holds the office of interpreter to the government. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, was educated in Europe, is highly accomplished, and one of the most intelligent and useful men in conversation with whom we ever met. He has a son in the Royal Institute at Paris, and an interesting daughter at home, about fifteen years of age, who entertained us, when visiting her father, with some of the longest and most intricate pieces of piano music we ever heard, most of which she played without notes. Such are the colored elite of Hayti. Mr. S. speaks both French and English with equal rapidity and correctness, and among the more distinguished authors of both languages, he is equally at home.

Removals, in this country, are made on horseback—much in the same style, probably, as they were in New England one hundred and fifty years ago. The effects of Dr. B., our own trunks, and those of Mr. P., required the use of six horses. Their care devolved on a guide, who employed an assistant. At about seven o'clock in the morning they were loaded, and on the way—a novel, amusing sight indeed. Two large trunks, lashed high up on each side of a horse, and either a negro or some boxes between—and the whole train trudging off on a tour of sixty-five miles, over rocky roads, through marshes of mud, along narrow passes, and over precipitous mountains,—and not a solitary tavern or stable on the whole route! But the journey was not only long—it was safely completed within thirty-six hours.

We followed at four o'clock, P. M., accompanied by Mr. Duret, a merchant, and rode twenty-one miles the same evening to Gracile. Perchance it is: Mr. D. had written on to the good woman who lives there, some days before, announcing our coming, and requesting her to have supper and lodging prepared for us, and grass for our horses. Having dismounted we found ourselves entering a thatched house, with only two rooms, and no floor, save the earth hardened by a few round stones imbedded in the clay. The woman, like Haytian country ladies generally, wore her frock unbuttoned between the shoulders, and her shoes slipshod, without stockings. But little care for appearances; our exceeding fatigue sent us forthwith to the narrow bed on one side the room, where we lounged, till supper was laid on the table, against the other side. The supper was composed of two French dishes of fowl with bread; no tea nor coffee—nevertheless we relished the repast, and felt our strength renewed. The adjoining room contained three beds, one of which was made for the occasion, on the earth and stone pavement: that we resigned to D., who, being a Haytian, we supposed would more readily 'get the hang of it'; and by ten o'clock we were gone, some of us to Dreamland and the rest to Oblivion. At half past two we were aroused, and at three, having paid our landlady five dollars (Spanish), we mounted our horses, and proceeded toward the mountains. The way was obscure and difficult; once we were well lost in the channel of a river, the fording place of which had been changed, but Mr. D.'s intimate acquaintance with those diggings and ability to create with the cottagers, whom he did not hesitate to summon from their slumbers, enabled us to unravel the mysteries of the dark and crooked path, and eventually diminish the distance before us; so that when the sun

bade a bright 'good morning' to the mountain heights, we were able to look back over the beautiful plain of Leonage, the great bay stretching yet fifty miles to the Atlantic, and the lofty range, supporting the skies in the dim distance beyond it,—cheered both by the glorious vision and by the fact that half our perilous and fatiguing journey was already completed. The air was delightfully cool till now, but the heat soon after, notwithstanding the high ground we were traversing, was oppressive.—We have in previous letters extolled so highly the scenery of this island, that we fear we shall be deemed extravagant, if, in stating our impressions upon these wonderful towers of nature, we give the reader merely our own *ipse dixit*. We will therefore copy the statement of a staid English Quaker, relative to these very mountains, over which he passed with his lady, in 1840.

'It would be difficult to a person not acquainted with mountain scenery in the tropics, to form a conception of the grandeur and loveliness of nature, as exhibited in these wonderful hills. Jamaica and Martinique have scenes surpassing fable, but Hayti has prospects more beautiful, and is richer still. At many points everything but high hills and deep valleys is shut out from view: the hills in many places, to a considerable extent, being covered with timber trees, the growth perhaps of centuries, interspersed with the graceful cabbage palm—the tree of liberty, which is cultivated and fostered as the emblem of national freedom: the valleys and low rising ground being sprinkled with neat well-fenced cottages, green with Indian corn and the broad leaved banana, or covered with numerous patches of the white flowering coffee! Were such a land as this colonized by Europeans, we should hear no end of its praise.'

Our own enthusiasm amid these scenes of romance was somewhat damped by an incident,—we should say an accident, had not our companions indicated by their immediate laughter that in Hayti such collisions are only occasions for mirth. We were riding along a narrow pass where the descent was perhaps a thousand feet almost perpendicularly downwards, on either side, when we met a loaded donkey driven by a negro. In attempting to pass him our horse lost his footing over the edge of the path, at which he suddenly sprang forward beyond the donkey to recover himself, thus throwing his rider full tilt against the donkey's load, which, being more firmly lashed on than the opposing burden, occasioned its sudden transition: the next we knew, we were lying prostrate in the path, sensible of a terrible shock along the occipital and dorsal regions, and for the moment quite unable to rise or speak. But we soon recovered energy to remount the pony, and a few rods beyond we all stopped beneath a pleasant shade, and emptying our sacks of cold fowl and other good things, made a refreshing breakfast. A few hours ride, after this, under a tropical sun, quite drove away our dorsal pains, substituting sensations of a very different if not more agreeable character.

Our descent from the mountains was by paths so exceedingly steep as to fill us with continual amazement, at the ability of the pack-horses to make their way down such steep heavy loads, in safety. But no accident occurred. We rested, dined, and fed our horses, at a cottage embosomed in trees of orange, bread-fruit and banana, at the foot of these dangerous declivities, after which, in a ride of a little more than twenty miles, we forded rivers *seventy* times, and reached Jacmel at seven o'clock in the evening. By fording the rivers our feet were thoroughly wet, and a horseback ride of more than forty miles in a single day, attended the exposure with a degree of fatigue scarcely equalled in our entire history. We felt that we had undertaken quite too much, but this is a country which affords no home for the traveller short of his destination, and we had no alternative but to push onward to the very terminus of the tour. The fact that we were now writing will assure the friendly reader that we *lived through it*; three days, however, elapsed before we had any disposition to resume our morning rides, although new scenes were waiting to be surveyed. We are now happily persuaded that we have received no permanent injury, of which we hope to give our Boston friends both visible and tangible testimony a few months hence.

At Jacmel we enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Thomas, an importing merchant, and brother in law of Mr. Duret. We also met here the Rev. Mr. Birrell, of Liverpool, to whose deputation with Mr. Angus, from the English Baptists, we have before referred. Mr. B. was accidentally left by the steamer bound to Jamaica, and obliged therefore to remain in Hayti two weeks beyond his intention. Hence it was that we again had the pleasure of his society.—After two days we bade adieu to the hospitable mansion of Mr. T., and entered a suite of rooms at the 'Hotel d'Union,' in which no family resides, but to which our meals were engaged to be brought, and a table furnished in our own dining hall, at such hours as we should designate. We thought ourselves delightfully situated, and imagined the arrangements all satisfactory and complete. But also for them, who expect to amalgamate Yankee habits and wants, with French cookery, and Haytian notions of comfort and economy! Think of four dishes of meat, all stewed or fried with garlic, onions, pepper, and other condiments—unattended with a single potato, yam, plantain, or other vegetable—followed by neither pudding, pastry nor fruit,—think of that variety for a dinner! Then imagine five rooms, including three bedrooms, furnished throughout, and let for fifty dollars a month,—and in the whole suite, not a solitary mirror, large or small, whole or fractured! And then, at the second request for a looking-glass, sent off to the French proprietor who rarely showed himself, and sent with a threat to leave if the article was not forthcoming,—think of receiving no return but the announcement, 'Master says, I don't care!' O for the pen of a graphic writer—of such a writer, for instance, as the author of 'The Unique,' that we might fully portray the excellencies of the 'Hotel d'Union'!—But suffice it to say, after eight days of mingled vexation and amusement, we—that is, Mr. P. and myself—left our generous host to the full enjoyment of his 'don't care' indulgence. Mr. P. had come to Jacmel intending to take the steamer for Jamaica, and the opportunity of going to the same island, in company with

both him and Mr. Birrell, was not one for us, under the circumstances to decline. But let it not be supposed that we have said all we have to say about Hayti. At least one more letter, relative to the education and the commerce of the island, remains to be written. Meanwhile, we beg the reader to cultivate contentment with his lot; and though he does live in a cold climate and among perverse people, not for a moment to think his condition a hard one. The free States of America have no parallel on earth. Such homes—such comforts—such society—such advantages for improvement—such sources of enjoyment! Why, a single evening by a New England fireside is worth a month in the tropics!

Intelligence from Dr. Judson.

By the arrival of the Hibernia at this port, on Saturday last, we have the pleasure of announcing the receipt of intelligence from Rev. Dr. Judson, and the beloved group of co-laborers by whom he was accompanied. They arrived in safety and health at Moulmein on the 5th of December. This is the first intelligence received from them since their departure. He who maketh the winds and waves his messengers, and who hath given them charge concerning this company, is greatly to be praised.

The following, from the ever welcome pen of Mrs. Judson, written as it is, in an early earnest of what our columns, not unfrequently, we trust, will receive at her hand.

For the Christian Reflector.

A Reply.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

'Does she deem that stern duty calls her to resign the home and friends of her heart,—the home which she has so gloriously won,—perhaps, even life itself, for the far-off heathen? Methinks 'the orphan of the heart' are gathered in crowds about our very doors.'—*National Era.*

'Stern duty!' Why rest on the breast of thy mother! Why follow in joy, the proud step of thy brother! Why follow thy heart at the voice of that other! Who struts thee from mother and brother away! When the lip clings to thine, why so fondly dost press it! When the loved arm encircles, why smile and caress it! Each glance of that fond eye—why dost thou bleed it! Why love, trust, or labor for loved ones, I pray!

'Stern duty!' Come death to thy door, a prey-seeker, Didst thou mark the eagle flying, the pulse glowing weaker, And in thy hand chapel, were a life-breathing weaker, In duty, 'stern duty,' the draught would'st thou bring! Sawest thou a rich crop, its death-pestilence spreading, At his feet, a dark pit, its death-pestilence spreading, As thou sprangest to his aid, thy voice, eye and hand lending, Would'st thou 'stern duty,' the first footsteps wing!

There's a deeper than mother, whose breast is my pillow, A truer than brother's, the fondles of the pillow; There's a voice I shall hear at the grave-guarding willow, When they leave me to sleep in my turf-covered bed. There's a lip with soft words forever 'erflowing, An eye in love-lights forever glowing, A hand never weary of guiding, bearing, A heart, that for me, lies in agony bed!

'Stern duty!' No love is my ready foot winging On duty's straight path, Love sweet roses is flinging; In love to the 'FAITHFUL OF MY HEART' I'm still clinging; My 'home' is his smile, my 'far-off' is his frown; He shaped the frail globe that Death waits to shiver, He cast every enemy on life's gloomy river; Both are asunder when guarded by Maker and Giver; My home and life at his feet I lay down.

Away to my brother, the orphan of Heaven! Away with the life-draught my Savior has given! Away, till the web time is weaving be riven! Then my wings, and my harp, and my crown emerge! I go, but one prayer my full heart is back throwing; By those warm glowing tears that I leave thee in going, By all that thou lovest, by thy hopes ever glowing, Cheer thou 'the orphan of Heaven' that through round duty do! *Ship Faneal Hill, July, 1846.*

Moral Power of Christianity.

What more significant words describing the character of his church ever dropped from the lips of the Head, than these: 'Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world?' We pause before such declarations, that we may take in the depth and fulness of their meaning. What more terse language of inquiry, what more descriptive figures could the Saviour have employed?

The moral power of Christianity; what a theme does it open to our consideration! Does any one doubt that in connection with the giving of the gospel, our Lord designed to set in motion a higher moral energy than had ever before visited the earth? The dispensation of the Patriarchs, of the Law and of Prophets had been thoroughly tested, until, in the sense of inefficiency, it had waxed old, and was ready to vanish away.' These dispensations accomplished, doubtless, their design. They opened clearly, and paved the way for a new and Diviner economy. The dispensation which succeeded them whose light has dawned upon us, and which is to continue to the end of all things, was to embody, as distinguished from them, pre-eminent elements of moral power. It was ordained, it is true, to bring redemption to man as an heir of condemnation and of death. But this was not all. There needed to be set at work in our world an agency of moral influence, of spiritual purifying, such as the human race had never felt before. This agency all ancient systems had failed to supply. It was reserved for the gospel of the Son of God, to contain beyond all that had preceded it, the elements of a higher life to man. Through the operation of this agency, moral evil, in all its varied and destructive ramifications, should be met. A remedy more effectual than had ever yet been found, would now be applied to it. It should be the glory of Christianity to declare herself the centre and the repository of moral power.

All the life, the teaching, the ordinances and the instrumentalities which Christ left his church, after giving himself for it, are signally suited to the accomplishment of this design. What an absence do we see of mere worldly wisdom, of human pomp and the paganism of earth, the signals more of man's weakness than of his power. Take the gospel uncorrupted as it comes to us from the hands of its Author, and with what Divinity is it instinct. What power and purity radiate from it, as from the Sun in the Moral Universe.

And this spiritual energy of Christianity has been successfully exerted in our world. How many trophies has it laid at Immanuel's feet. How many stones has it quarried from the rough and unseemly rock of nature, polished and fitted them so as to grace the spiritual temple of God. How many fountains of crime and of suffering, has it dried up.

And why should not this power of the gospel continue to be exerted until the earth be reclaimed from the curse of the fall, be wholly purified and given to God? This is truly its mission. And this mission, who will

doubt, must be accomplished. The hope of the world, and the purposes of God hang upon it.

There is a great present hindrance to the free going forth of the moral power of the gospel, to do its work of purifying in the earth. This is the mongrel mixture that, by a thousand devices of men and of Satan, works its way into nominal Christianity and corrupts it. The light of the religion that claims to come from God, has been mostly from the beginning, turned into darkness. While we write, this painful fact is true as in former and gloomier years. Satan now, as ever, transforms himself into an angel of light. An immense 'army of aliens' places itself in array and claims to be of the host of the living God.

Let it not be forgotten especially, that the moral power of a pure Christianity is lodged to a great degree, with those who have embraced it. It is not, and cannot be, independent of human instruments. It is through the children of men that the gospel exerts its energy. It is through its followers that its power is made known. If they are false to their professions and principles, the religion which they espouse becomes a dead letter. 'If,' says Jesus Christ to his disciples, 'the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!' Let this be true of all nominal believers; let their light be darkness, and moral midnight shrouds the earth.

It is, then, alike false and dangerous to separate a spiritual Christianity from its followers. But is not this an anomaly—(it ought to be one)—that marks and disgraces our own age? Do we not sometimes hear men talk of the moral power of the gospel, overlooking at the same time even the enormities to which its professed followers give their support? Why is it not seen, that the holy gospel itself is worse than powerless, if those who claim to have been made its vessels, are morally impure?

'I wish I had More Religion.'

'I wish I had more religion,' said not long since a professed disciple of Christ. Well, does not God wish so, too. He desires our sanctification, our conformity to the Divine image. Why, then, have we not more religion? The wish is certainly a good one. It is better than desires after any worldly object. Bliss in its fullest expression, produces religion in perfection, *yea* heaven.

Man on earth has been so filled with religious enjoyment as to be raised above the influence of prisons and chains, as even to make the dying hour the happiest of his earthly existence. But enjoyment is not religion. It is only a fruit of it. This, however, is probably what you intend in the wish expressed. Truly it is very comfortable to feel happy in the Lord, to rejoice in the hope of heaven. But religious joy is not a thing to be obtained by wishing. It even flows from us when we make it the object of our pursuit. It is always, however, connected with the faithful discharge of duty. It comes unthought to the lowly soul that is striving to please God.

The apostles obtained their joy in labors and trials for Christ. They desired to be made partners of his sufferings. They took up the cross, and thus got the crown. The wish to be more religious carried out in conduct, would make us more faithful in the performance of religious duties. Now can we not at once commence being more faithful, and thus put ourselves immediately in the way to obtain the wished for enjoyment. Indeed let us be more religious in our actions, seek to meet the approbation of Heaven by doing the will of God, in praying, in speaking, in untiring efforts to win souls to Christ, in every thing, and we shall be sure to have our peace as a river, and to eat the good of the land. *Isaiah 48: 18, 19.*

Interesting from Tavoy.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter under date of Nov. 10th, from Mrs. Wade, to Deacon Gilbert, of this city. It will agreeably interest our readers:—

'Our excellent Commissioner gave me his own large cabin, and defrays every cent of the expense of my passage to this place, and back to Tavoy, with that true Christian kindness, which has ever marked all his intercourse with our mission. We expect to be absent from Tavoy only a week, and though our kind physician insists that a longer absence is necessary, I trust this will prove sufficient, as it will soon be time to fit off Mr. Wade for the jungles, and besides I have now the charge of Bro. Mason's two little girls, and Bro. Mason dies with us daily. The pain in my head still prevents my writing sister to do so by the next. Please tell her we have enjoyed a heavenly season around her arrival at Moulmein, of our beloved Bro. Judson and others, and pray that they may come to us 'full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' Dear Bro. and sister Brayton are enjoying the blessing of God in their faithful and laborious duties here.'

South Carolina, Virginia and Slavery.

The array of the upholders of Southern slavery, against the 'Proviso' that precludes its extension to new territory, is seen in recent movements. A meeting of the citizens of Charleston, S. C. was called on the 9th instant, ostensibly to honor Mr. Calhoun and consider the state of the nation. It was a meeting of imposing ceremonial. Hon. H. Bailey in the chair, with F. H. Elmore, Wm. Aiken, Ker Boyce, D. E. Huger, &c., among the Vice Presidents, Col. J. W. Hayne, from a Committee of twenty-one, reported a formal statement and denunciation of the demonstrations in the Free States generally, and especially of their Members of Congress, against the further extension of slavery in the territories of the United States. After eulogizing Slavery as the basis of Southern National Prosperity, the report proceeded:

'To preserve this Institution, your Committee are well convinced, that the slaveholding States must jealously guard their rights under the Constitution—must insist upon that proportionate influence, as an enticement to them by the compromises of that compact—and, above all, must at all hazards, and at all times, maintain their EQUALITY, full and complete with whatever other communities they hold communion.'

As to our rights under the Constitution, we hold it to be clear and unquestionable, that the slaveholding States are entitled to an equal participation in the exercise of the right of Congress to exclude a new State applying for admission to our Union, on account of the existence of any domestic institution which was declared to be contrary to the principles of the Constitution.

Your Committee recommended the adoption of the following resolutions: 1. Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, a submission to the proposed exclusion from an equality of benefits in the Territories of the United States, beyond what is already yielded by the Missouri Compromise, would be unwise, dangerous, dishonorable and delinquent. 2. Resolved, That this is a question paramount to all considerations of party, as more temporary policy, and that he who falls, and Esau like, barter his birth-right for a mess of pottage, is recreant to the memory of the past, to his duty in the present, and a traitor to posterity. 3. Resolved, That this meeting cordially repudiated the Resolutions lately passed by the House of Delegates in the State of Virginia—that they hereby repudiate the same and adopt them, as expressing not only the sentiment of this meeting and of Charleston District, but, as they believe, of the State of South Carolina, and, as they confidently hope, of the whole South.

The Virginia resolutions are as follows, viz:

Be it Resolved, unanimously by the General Assembly of Virginia, That the Government of the United States has no control, directly or indirectly, mediately or immediately, over the institution of Slavery; and that, in taking any such control, it transcends the limits of its legitimate functions by destroying the internal organization of the sovereign States which created it. Resolved, unanimously, That this General Assembly holds it to be the duty of every man, in every section of this confederacy, if the Union is dear to him, to resist by every lawful means, for whatever purpose, by which territory to be acquired may be subject to such a restriction. Resolved, unanimously, That the passage of the above mentioned resolutions makes it the duty of every slaveholding State, and every citizen thereof, as they value their dearest privileges, their sovereignty, their independence, their rights of property, to take firm, united, and concerted action in this emergency.

This, then, is the stand which in the view of the civilized and Christian world, the South seem resolved to take. It is taken, be it understood, not as has been too often claimed, in self defence, but as the Will of Providence does not originate with an abolitionist. It was not voted for, with few exceptions, by those who would touch at all, the constitutional safeguards of slavery.

In this movement, then, how plainly false is seen to be the plea that the South is willing, or nearly so, to be rid of the foul incubus that now rests upon them and upon the whole country. Laboring to extend slavery with one voice, how can they desire its extermination?

But such a stand on the part of the South is open, and so far to be commended. The South, on the subject of the 'Peculiar Institution,' has never been Janus-faced. Double dealing, evasions, subterfuges and excuses, she has avoided, having all these as the 'peculiar' possession of the Free North. Let us hope the time is coming, when on this subject the attitude of the latter will be equally frank and determined as that of the former.

Slaveholding Missions Justly Reproved.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I read your notice, in the Reflector of the 11th inst., of the Rev. Messrs. Shuck and Johnson, and their missionary companions, with a sigh of sadness. I said, it is possible that a company of missionaries—of Baptist missionaries—on their way to the heathen world, whither they seem destined to bear the Gospel of Life to dying men, should pass through our city, without so much as a formal greeting? Is it possible that they should linger among us, and finally pass from our shore, upon that ocean, which is to bear them to the place of their toil, and probably to their graves in a stranger land, that they may convey the Water of Life to the benighted millions of China, and yet no meeting be called, at which the churches and their pastors should bid them an affectionate God-speed on this perilous mission of love? that there should be none to 'accompany them to the ship,' or join in a 'parting prayer?' O why is this? My heart is sad at such a spectacle. And Christians everywhere will ask why? And men of the world, South and North, will ask why? Are the members of the executive committee of the Missionary Union, waiting in sympathy for fellow-laborers in the same field of benevolence with themselves, that they should thus have turned 'the cold shoulder,' and suffered them to pass unregretted? Are the churches in Boston and their pastors waiting in sympathy for missions, or in Christian courtesy, that they should thus have stood aloof, as if to shun a moral leprosy in the departing ones? Surely, for an occurrence so strange—for presenting to the world a spectacle so extraordinary, there ought, there must, be some adequate cause. No ordinary apostasy will avail. It must be a cause of potent magnitude, which will satisfactorily explain a fact so painful. No answer will remove the grief that things are so. But, Messrs. Editors, I think such an answer may be given as will fully exonerate the Executive Committee, and the brethren of Boston, from any blame in this matter; such an answer as will show that they have acted on no want of kindness, or Christian courtesy. That answer will be found in an article of which you gave notice in the same column with the one to which I have alluded, and also in the character of the Board of which these missionaries are the representatives.

Most of the pastors of Boston and vicinity had just signed a protest on the subject of slavery, which declares: 'We do, therefore, in the fear of God, declare, severally and jointly, that we disapprove and abhor the system of American Slavery. Among the facts which render it to us peculiarly odious, are the following: It recognizes immoral beings as property, and treats them as commodities of commerce. It extends to them a separate and oppressive code of laws that betrays them of their civil and social rights, and holds them liable to the most cruel abuses of irresponsible power. It deprives both sexes of control over their own persons, their offspring, and the fruits of their labor. It denies to them intellectual culture, and withholds from them the gift of their Heavenly Father—the precious BIBLE. The right thus to degrade and oppress a particular race of men, is defended upon principles that would apply, with equal justice to any other portion of the human family. With such a system we can have no sympathy. After a careful observation of its character and effects, and making every deduction which the largest charity can require, we are constrained to regard it as an outrage upon the rights and happiness of our fellow-men, for which there is no valid justification or apology. We can therefore sustain no relation, and perform no act, that will countenance the system, or imply indifference to its multiplied enormities.'

After such a protest, it is not surprising that the Executive Committee, and the brethren of Boston, should have acted as they have done. They are the representatives of the churches in Boston and vicinity, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole North, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole world. They are the representatives of the churches in the whole Christian world, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole human race. They are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's kingdom, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's creation. They are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's universe, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's glory.

Let us pray, also, that there be no death among us of spiritual blessings, but that all our churches may be visited with rich effusions of heavenly grace, that the gospel may be embraced by multitudes who now refuse obedience to its holy requirements; and that religion, pure and undefiled, shall take root and thrive in all our hearts, and exert its benign and sacred influence upon all our conduct.

Let us pray that all our valuable institutions may be preserved and prospered, and that the cherished privileges and blessings which flow from them may not only be perpetuated to us, but be diffused and extended to all our brethren of the human race. And finally, let us pray that we and strife—that injustice and oppression, and immorality and vice of every name and character, may be driven from our land, and that we may become, in all our ways, such a people as the Lord will ever delight to own, to prosper, and to bless.

Costly Houses of Worship.

In perusing your valuable paper, I notice very frequently, accounts of new meeting houses being dedicated to the worship of God. This is well. We should rejoice that houses for prayer and praise to our adorable Redeemer, are multiplying. But is there not a mystery about all this? New and splendid churches appear so essential to the prosperity of Zion at the present day, that in many instances, it is necessary, in order to erect them, to incur heavy debts. Hence, a large number of the churches in the Baptist denomination are embarrassed by debt upon their houses of worship. It is very difficult, in consequence, in many cases, to pay the minister's small salary. The missionary cause at home and abroad, is meanwhile languishing for want of funds.

Is this as it should be? Is it Scriptural? If Christ has given His people a command—or even a permission—to spend his money in erecting costly edifices, it is new to me. For what purposes are splendid churches erected? Do they increase the piety and usefulness of Christians? I am anxious to gain some knowledge about the matter. Will you not reflect some light upon the subject?

After such a system we can have no sympathy. After a careful observation of its character and effects, and making every deduction which the largest charity can require, we are constrained to regard it as an outrage upon the rights and happiness of our fellow-men, for which there is no valid justification or apology. We can therefore sustain no relation, and perform no act, that will countenance the system, or imply indifference to its multiplied enormities.

Against it, as a mass of complicated and flagrant wrong, we must record and proclaim our solemn protest. And especially must we, as Ministers of the Son of God, protest against those versions of the Sacred Oracles, by which it is attempted to make their Divine Author the patron and protector of a system which is so utterly repugnant to his principles and spirit.

Such are the conscientious convictions of the great body of pastors and churches in this region of the institution of American slavery. With that system, unsurpassed as it is in mischievous violence, by any system of heathenism under heaven, are these missionaries voluntarily identified. They are the representatives of a slaveholding Christianity. They have chosen as their patron and yielded themselves as the instruments of a slaveholding Christianity. The Board which has sent them out was originated, and has its being for the express and sole purpose of vindicating slavery. The character of slavery had been implicated. The old Missionary Board, in answer to the South's interrogation, had declared that they would appoint no holder of slaves as their missionary. This the South understood as implying that slavery was of so offensive a character, as to disqualify a man for a missionary or minister of Jesus Christ. To vindicate slavery from this implication, they withdrew from the old Board, and formed their present organization. But for this, they had still adhered to the old Board. But for the purpose of vindicating slavery—its compatibility with the missionary and ministerial calling, the Board which sent out these missionaries, had never had an existence. Upon the shoulders of that Board, are these missionaries borne, and the feet of that Board are upon the necks of more than two millions of crushed heathen at home. In short, these missionaries are the representatives of that Board, which is 'set for the defence' of slavery, and sustained by those men who have separated themselves from us, that they may gird themselves for the support of that system, which perpetuates the infamous and irreparable mischief set forth in the protest to which I have referred.

In view, then, of these facts, I ask, Could the signers of that protest, could the churches and pastors of Boston, extend to them the fraternal hand, and bid them God-speed, as safe and consistent missionaries of the cross? Could they do it, (to say nothing of their own consistency,) without a compromise of their fidelity to crushed humanity, to the Bible, and to the gospel of Christ?

What less than mockery to him, who 'put on righteousness as a breastplate,' and who 'redeem Zion with judgment, and her converts with righteousness,' is that mission which is based upon the unmitigated fraud of slavery? What a mockery to him whose mission is one of mercy to the poor, and of deliverance to the captives, must that mission be which is based upon the defence of the hateful bonds of American Slavery? Such a mission is another mission, and such a gospel another gospel. As the representatives of such a Board, as the instruments of such a mission, as the bearers of such a gospel, though they had been 'angels from heaven,' they should be, nay God commands that they should be, rejected.

The unhalloved pretences of a slaveholding gospel to the Bible, as its patron and supporter, has been impotent for mischief. It has hung an infernal drapery around that holy book, and caused its character for common justice and common humanity, to be suspected that they should linger among us, and finally pass from our shore, upon that ocean, which is to bear them to the place of their toil, and probably to their graves in a stranger land, that they may convey the Water of Life to the benighted millions of China, and yet no meeting be called, at which the churches and their pastors should bid them an affectionate God-speed on this perilous mission of love? that there should be none to 'accompany them to the ship,' or join in a 'parting prayer?' O why is this? My heart is sad at such a spectacle. And Christians everywhere will ask why? And men of the world, South and North, will ask why? Are the members of the executive committee of the Missionary Union, waiting in sympathy for fellow-laborers in the same field of benevolence with themselves, that they should thus have turned 'the cold shoulder,' and suffered them to pass unregretted? Are the churches in Boston and their pastors waiting in sympathy for missions, or in Christian courtesy, that they should thus have stood aloof, as if to shun a moral leprosy in the departing ones? Surely, for an occurrence so strange—for presenting to the world a spectacle so extraordinary, there ought, there must, be some adequate cause. No ordinary apostasy will avail. It must be a cause of potent magnitude, which will satisfactorily explain a fact so painful. No answer will remove the grief that things are so. But, Messrs. Editors, I think such an answer may be given as will fully exonerate the Executive Committee, and the brethren of Boston, from any blame in this matter; such an answer as will show that they have acted on no want of kindness, or Christian courtesy. That answer will be found in an article of which you gave notice in the same column with the one to which I have alluded, and also in the character of the Board of which these missionaries are the representatives.

Most of the pastors of Boston and vicinity had just signed a protest on the subject of slavery, which declares: 'We do, therefore, in the fear of God, declare, severally and jointly, that we disapprove and abhor the system of American Slavery. Among the facts which render it to us peculiarly odious, are the following: It recognizes immoral beings as property, and treats them as commodities of commerce. It extends to them a separate and oppressive code of laws that betrays them of their civil and social rights, and holds them liable to the most cruel abuses of irresponsible power. It deprives both sexes of control over their own persons, their offspring, and the fruits of their labor. It denies to them intellectual culture, and withholds from them the gift of their Heavenly Father—the precious BIBLE. The right thus to degrade and oppress a particular race of men, is defended upon principles that would apply, with equal justice to any other portion of the human family. With such a system we can have no sympathy. After a careful observation of its character and effects, and making every deduction which the largest charity can require, we are constrained to regard it as an outrage upon the rights and happiness of our fellow-men, for which there is no valid justification or apology. We can therefore sustain no relation, and perform no act, that will countenance the system, or imply indifference to its multiplied enormities.'

After such a protest, it is not surprising that the Executive Committee, and the brethren of Boston, should have acted as they have done. They are the representatives of the churches in Boston and vicinity, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole North, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole world. They are the representatives of the churches in the whole Christian world, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole human race. They are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's kingdom, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's creation. They are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's universe, and they are the representatives of the churches in the whole of God's glory.

Let us pray, also, that there be no death among us of spiritual blessings, but that all our churches may be visited with rich effusions of heavenly grace, that the gospel may be embraced by multitudes who now refuse obedience to its holy requirements; and that religion, pure and undefiled, shall take root and thrive in all our hearts

